

EASTERN MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY 15, 1836.

NO. 7.

THE REFORMED.

"There are matters of great value, many times, that are but of small price."

SENECA.

"If you knew how much I have suffered," said Bertram to his friend, who expostulated with him on the impropriety of his course, and set before him the consequences of his conduct, some of which he had already begun to experience, "if you knew how much I have suffered, you would not afflict me by your reproaches. You would pity me and pitying, you would spare my wounded feelings."

And much had Bertram suffered. He was high-born, an only son—an only child of wealthy and doating parents. From earliest infancy he had been indulged in every wish—in every caprice. His education had been neglected merely because he irked restraint, and the confinement incident to study. He had travelled for pleasure, and mingled freely in every department of society; wealth and rank gave him an introduction into the higher circles; his gaiety and beauty introduced into the refined and polished; and as he sought pleasure, and was fitted to please, he was at home with the voluptuous. Hence, tho' as a scholar, his education was superficial, he was by no means deficient as a man of the world,—as a man of fashion. There is a polish acquired by intercourse with society, to which the book-worm in vain may aspire; and however high his attainments, whatever may be the admiration excited by surpassing talents, when the student mingles in society he is sure to find himself eclipsed by the flutterer, all whose knowledge is mere ready change, drawn forth in a moment, and gone as quickly.

Bertram had lived fast. He had not yet reached the age of twenty one, though there was no country in Europe he had not visited; he had loitered in every city in the United States, and been introduced into every circle where favor is won, or pleasure sought. Under such circumstances, it is by no means wonderful, young as he was, and under no parental restraint that he occasionally drank into dissipation. It could scarce have been otherwise. Such is the attraction of pleasure, such its power of deception, that the inexperienced mind needs some external restraint to keep it back from a dangerous embrace; like the beauty of the flame around which the insect plays till it perishes, or the charm of the serpent which attracts the silly bird to its ruin.

But what was to be expected, or what might have been, is of no consequence in this case. Bertram was dissipated, and the consequences were beginning to visit him; and when his friend Johnson met him at the door of his study, he was pale, and looked more like the inmate of an hospital, than like the gay and healthful young man whom he met there months before. Bertram had spent a few months in the city where Johnson was a student; had been introduced to him on account of distant family connexion, and because they had been intimate in very early life. Johnson was older by a few years than Bertram, and ten years before the time of which we are now speaking, he had left his native village and connected himself with the University in the distant metropolis where they now met, to enjoy its advantages in attaining an education. There was something so amiable, so engaging in this young man that Bertram was at once in love with him; and as Alcibiades woke from the votaries of pleasure to listen to the wise counsels of Socrates, so did Bertram to commune with the elegant and refined scholar and moralist, Johnson.

There are minds so constituted that however deeply they may be drawn into vice, they never lose the inherent taste which chains them to the admiration of what is noble and virtuous. Pleasure may allure them, and for a time moral sense may be drowned in voluptuousness and dissipation. But the moment the charm is broken, they turn to admire what seems to be the native element of their souls. Such was Bertram. His friend never flattered his vanity, never concealed, or attempted to conceal, his contempt for the low pleasures that engrossed his visitor. No. He remonstrated, though with tenderness, and plainly pointed out to him the consequences of his present course. He pointed him to the superior loveliness of the walks of literature; to the charms of a life of virtue and usefulness; and used all his influence to draw him from the path of ruin. Many hours they passed together. On the banks of the river, over the green hill that skirted the city, they daily walked to admire the beautiful scenery of a most delightful country.

Thus it was for several weeks. But of late the visits of Bertram had been much less frequent. That season of the year was opening which is most devoted to amusement, and deeper and deeper he drank into the cup falsely called pleasure; and Johnson was left to his study, and to walk in admiring nature alone: but to the high minded student solitude is not lonely. A rich fund of thought is ever at his call, or rather calling him to enjoyment, more far more delicious than all the studied refinements of the voluptuary. He holds converse with the wise of all past ages, as well as with those of his own time; nature opens to him beauties unseen by the votary of what the world calls pleasure; he meditates on all that is lovely and beautiful in science, in nature, in morals; and the past, and the future alike yield to him delight constant and ever varying. He is at peace with his conscience; no remorse corrodes his mind in his hour of calmness and thought; no sickness comes to his heart at the remembrance of guilty, and to after thought, disgusting pleasures. Johnson was happy when alone—he was happy in company. But alas for Bertram! It was otherwise with him. He could not endure to be alone. There were thoughts that came to him there, which he would fain banish forever. He went from party to party, from dissipation to dissipation;

But even there he could not fly from himself,—he could not fly from memory—from conscience which reproached him for acts that lowered him on the scale which was fixed in his own mind for measuring the dignity of man. In vain had he tried to be reconciled to himself—to make his follies appear small to him, to palliate or excuse them as weakness. It could not be.

Agitated with reflections of no pleasant character, he saw his friend pass his window. The tranquility of his manner—the happy expression that played upon his countenance—went to the heart of Bertram. “O, that his conduct were mine” he said to himself, “then I should be happy.” He half resolved to reform,—to break from the enchantment that bound him, and no longer to be a slave to his passions. “I will once more visit the study of Johnson—it may not be in vain.” He started, but was full of misgivings: he dreaded that keen, discerning eye, before whose glance no disguise could avail, and twice he returned to his room ere he could muster resolution sufficient to carry him to his friend’s study. Arrived, he tapped at the door and was welcomed with a look and tone of usual kindness.

“I am happy to see you, Bertram; I did not know but you had entirely forsaken me; where have you been so long; and how have you enjoyed yourself these pleasant evenings?”

Bertram’s eyes fell. He tried to speak, but stood self-convicted—self-condemned. His pale cheek became yet paler, and his feelings quite unmanned him. Seldom had he experienced that relief which tears sometimes afford a burdened heart. He would have called it weakness in others—he felt it was weakness in himself—yet he wept and found tears a relief.

There is no reproof so touching as that which comes tempered with words and looks of kindness. It is reproof, but is not spoken reprovingly; it reaches the conscience, and finds it unfortified. The deep solitude which breathed in every word of Johnson, touched the heart of his friend. He felt his own degradation—he saw the moral elevation of him who stood before him—he would have given thousands, if thousands would have purchased a similar boon for himself. His heart sickened while he remembered the disgusting pleasures which had engrossed his time, and destroyed his peace; he felt their satiety, and resolved to forsake them forever.

But his proud heart for a moment rebelled. He felt injured, he knew not wherefore, and the first words he uttered were those with which this narrative opened. “If you knew how much I have suffered, you would not afflict me with your reproaches; you would pity me, and pitying, you would spare my wounded feelings.”

The charge of unkindness couched in these words, for a moment disturbed the equable soul of Johnson. The tone of his spirit was naturally high, and resentment would awake at a single touch. His colour heightened, and a severe reply was on his lips. It was but for a moment. His deep knowledge of human nature discovered to him the spring of that accusation, which was less than half meant. “He opened his mouth with wisdom, and on his tongue was the law of kindness.”

The rest may be shortly told. Bertram disclosed his secret purpose to Johnson, and it was made his settled and open resolve. The study of Johnson was from that day his home—he there pursued his preparatory studies,

and connected himself with the University; and has since shone as one of the brightest ornaments of the literature of our Country.

"A word spoken in due season—how good is it!"—*Solomon*.

N.

A SKETCH.

How oft doth faithful memory trace,
At twilight's pensive hour,
The lines of each familiar face
That graced our peaceful bower.

WHERE is now the face that once beamed with love and happiness? Where the sweet smile that illuminated the expressive countenance of my friend Mary Bennett?—Gone—gone forever to the grave,—the deep, dark, lonely grave has received the form of her, who was once deservedly the pride of her fond parents, and the hope of many friends. Can it be that one so young, so lovely and beloved, so blest with all that makes this earth desirable,—this world an Eden,—whom in the enthusiasm of my girlhood, I revered as almost an angel,—as one too beautiful and pure for earth,—can it be possible that she went down to the grave in shame and sorrow? Even so. By the seductive wiles of one who professed to love and cherish her above all else on earth, was Mary Bennett lured from the path of virtue and peace. Hers is a short and sad history. Though it opens anew the bleeding wounds partially healed by the hand of Time, which softens all afflictions, however severe, and recalls in all its vividness, the anguish of that hour, when first I learned the fatal truth; yet, for the sake of the young and lovely of my own sex, who are unacquainted with the many snares and temptations that cross their path, and cluster around them on every side,—yes, for their sake, will I relate the tale,—one of deep and painful interest to all who knew and loved her.

Mary Bennett was the only daughter of an opulent merchant in one of our southern cities, distinguished for his unbending honor and integrity in his commercial affairs, and, no less so, for the estimable qualities of his social relations. The stranger was ever welcome at his hospitable mansion, where domestic felicity reigned supreme.

Ah! why did the destroyer enter that abode of love, and select one so fair and guiltless for his victim? Hard indeed as adamant must have been the heart of him, who could thus deliberately plan the destruction of one who trusted in his honor and affection; soulless indeed, to bow, with guilt and shame, the youthful head of such an innocent and trusting being. But he has gone to receive his punishment,—the punishment of the *libertine*, who wantonly trifles with the affections, blasts the reputation of a virtuous female, and destroys the peace of a happy family. Fearful,—oh! fearful indeed, will be the reckoning he will be called to give. With all his assumed gaiety and thoughtlessness, the canker-worm of remorse is still gnawing at his heart, and will continue to, through an endless existence of woe hereafter.

But to return to my tale. Mary and her brother James were the only survivors of six children;—four little ones the afflicted parents were called to part with in their infant loveliness, and can it be wondered at, that those who were spared should be regarded with idolatrous fondness? At the age of fourteen, James left home to enter the University near them, left with regret his beloved home and adored sister, who was almost inconsolable for the loss of his society. Mary remained with *them*, for they could not yet, consent to part with their only cherished one. Every wish of her heart was gratified, and even her very wishes anticipated. Not the slightest cloud appeared on the horizon of her youthful happiness.

Blest with the constant society of her gentle, accomplished mother, pursuing with delighted eagerness her studies, under her superintending care, she daily grew in beauty of person and grace of mind. Often was she favored with visits from her beloved brother, who was highly intelligent and cultivated, and had attained the highest honors in his class. Then the time passed rapidly and lightly away.

At the age of sixteen, Mary's parents after many hard struggles between duty and affection suffered her to enter a Seminary for young ladies, some distance from home. They knew it would be for her good,—with many tears they parted. Not one among that dear circle of intelligent girls, but looked up to and loved Mary Bennett. Possessed of a fair mind, fascinating manners, and most amiable disposition, she was the idol of the school and its teachers. Alas! one virtue, a *sterling* virtue too, was wanting;—*decision—strength of character to withstand flattery and temptation*. In an evil hour, George Bentley saw, admired, and planned the ruin of this fair flower. By those thousand nameless and tender attentions which always win the way to woman's heart, and especially the heart of an artless, inexperienced girl, he at length succeeded in gaining her undivided affections. He accompanied her home. By a gentlemanly deportment, plausible, insinuating manners, he gained the entire confidence of her parents. Mary was confiding,—even to a fault,—and loved him with all the strength and tenderness of a warm and guiltless heart. This only rendered her more completely the victim of his wicked arts. Suffice it to say, she fell. James, in the agony of this despairing hour, followed Bentley to a neighboring city, determined to take the life-blood of his sister's destroyer, or die in the attempt. A challenge was sent, and accepted. They met—both fell dead!

Who can paint the agony of these Parents, when the news of James' death reached, or the anguish of their souls at this double affliction?

Their mother died broken-hearted in one week after the event, and Mary,—the betrayed, wretched Mary, bowed down under the accumulated load of guilt and sorrow, became a confirmed maniac, perished by her own hand, and, in three short weeks, was laid by the side of her mother and brother. The distressed miserable Father alone was left to mourn the desolation of his home, the destruction of his once happy and beloved family.

This was the work of that pest of society,—an unprincipled *gentleman*,—*an elegant rascal*.

F.....

THE BUGLE.

By Grenville Mellen.

But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling Bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream;
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast.

Lady of the Lake.

O wild, enchanting horn!
Whose music, up the deep and dewy air,
Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,
'Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again; the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense, and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some spirit of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell with glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart—
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old remembered shout!

Oh! have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around ye steal?

Or have ye, in the roar
Of seas, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go; no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

Boston Book.

PHRENOLOGY.

FROM the earliest period in the history of the world, every age has had its startling theories, strange discoveries, and curious inventions. Each has beheld the idolized doctrines of the philosophical enthusiast of a preceding age, who has spent years in toil and sacrifice in bringing his darling theories before the world, and has seen them thrust aside by the taunts and ridicule of those who introduced and advocated newer theories equally strange, and as equally false. The last threescore years have been more fertile in producing new doctrines, inventions, and discoveries, than any previous era. Among the theories that have attracted the attention of the literary community during this eventful period, Phrenology holds the first rank in point of novelty and importance, and its votaries have been renowned for their enthusiastic devotion to its principles, maugre the bitter, uncompromising spirit of ridicule, and opposition that has been exerted against it.

Before I proceed any farther, I have a word for the reader. I wish him distinctly to understand that I am not about to enter upon a labored refutation of the objections urged by its opponents. Neither am I about to indite an elaborate eulogium upon its merits. It requires an abler pen than I can wield, to bring the subject forth in all its beauty and splendor. Whatever I shall say, will be merely the record of my reflections on this science, noticing only the most common objections urged against it by the unbelieving.

It is often asserted, 'that were Phrenology based upon principles conformable to truth and to reason, it would not at this period of its existence be compelled to contend against the strongest efforts and unwavering opposition, not only of mankind in general, but of many learned and talented men.' That Phrenology has met with opposition, it is admitted, and it should be cause of congratulation to the believer in the science that it has been thus opposed. But that it has been less universally propagated in the same space of time than any other new doctrine, must be denied. Forty years since, the germs of a philosophy that now numbers millions of believers, dwelt in a single mind. In the whole range of history, no evidence can be found of an equal diffusion of the knowledge of any other science. Gall was persecuted; and so were Gallileo, Newton, and Harvey. Some point to the ancients as models of wisdom and virtue, and look with horror upon any innovation upon long established systems. Folly and ignorance, though stricken with age, they regard with deep reverence, 'as though an error were less an error for its age and the number of its disciples.' Others whose time, and,—for ought we know,—inclination, prevents any but a trifling examination of this science, cry out in the plenitude of their wisdom, as they undoubtedly imagine, 'Fatalism, Materialism, Destruction of Free Agency.' And there are others who, having pictured some one as their beau ideal of earthly perfection, are content to follow the dictates of his will, making his opinions and prejudices their standard. Others, still, would rather suffer death, than be liable to ridicule for holding to a particular belief, preferring rather to go with the multi-

tude, than to give their assent to the opinions of a few, who were guided by reason. Such are the opponents of Phrenology.

There is, however, another class of whom I would speak. The learned and talented, who have spent years in unremitted study, and imparting the result of their investigation;—will they abandon the systems of philosophy? Will they discard the systems whose roots have been constantly spreading wider and wider, in the luxuriant soil of prejudice, the tendency of which step will be to stamp their self-styled knowledge, with its proper name,—ignorance? No, they will cling to it with the tenacity of a drowning man. Is it strange, then, that the believer in Phrenology is obliged to contend with the shafts of ridicule, and its miserable attendants? All new theories meet with opposition, but it does not follow that they are illusory. The opponents of many doctrines have found cause to hide their heads in shame, and such may be the fate of those who so strenuously oppose the science of Phrenology.

Have either of the four fundamental principles of the science been refuted? If so, let it be named. As has before been observed, that Fatalism and Materialism are the result of pursuing this theory, its opponents would have you believe. Spurzheim draws a minute distinction between fatality and a deprivation of free will, but, as the objectors use these terms synonymously, I shall take the same liberty. By free will, or free agency, I do not mean that entire freedom from all restraint, that unbounded liberty which implies will without a motive. Allow me to state one or two familiar cases, as illustrative of phrenological free will. I am thirsty and an intoxicating draught is placed before me, but I refuse to drink. I perceive an object which I am desirous of possessing, and not being able to obtain it rightfully, my organs of acquisitiveness and secretiveness are excited. But I resist the temptation by aid of my intellect, knowing the result of gratifying my inclinations. For these inclinations I am not accountable; the sin lies in the indulgence. Hence it will be perceived, *first*, that free will results from intellect, and is more applicable to actions, than to thoughts or feelings; *secondly*, that will does not act from the strongest, but that it results from the action of the intellect, judging of the motion or desires. *Thirdly*, that the intellect must be sufficiently powerful to judge concerning the motives. Free will, therefore, is *the freedom of action or inaction, and the possession of intellect sufficient for the right appreciation of our motives, and the power of determining accordingly.* Hence the will is free in exact proportion to the developement of intellect, from the idiot to the mind of the highest intelligence. Doct. Franklin, who knew nothing of Phrenology, in his letter to Thomas Paine dissuading him from the publication of his 'Age of Reason,' says, 'You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion. You have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptation.'—*Jones's Phrenology.*

It would be absurd to suppose that the criminal, sentenced to death, who had from his earliest infancy been nurtured amid scenes of vice and ignorance, would be equally accountable with one who had had the advantages of a moral and religious education. Absurd as this may seem, it is the doctrine of many of those who talk so much about free agency.

With regard to Materialism as connected with this science, the reader is referred to Spurzheim's and Combe's views on the subject in their respective works, and also to Doct. Caldwell in the *New England Magazine*, for a refutation of the charge brought against it. Those who still oppose the science on this ground, I would refer to Hedge's *Logic*, page 161, where they will find the following language. 'The consequences of any doctrine are not to be charged on him who maintains it, unless he expressly avows them.' Further. 'As truth, not victory, is the professed object of controversy, whatever proofs may be advanced on either side, should be examined with fairness, and candor; and any attempt to ensnare our adversary by acts of sophistry, or to lessen the force of his reasoning by wit, cavilling, or ridicule is a violation of the rules of honorable controversy.'

The next objection refers to the phrenological principle of relation between size and power. When speaking of the relative size of heads, certain facts are to be considered. *First*, two heads may contain an equal quantity of brain, and still the persons may differ widely in intellectual power and moral character, as in one three fourths of the brain may be distributed among the propensities, while in the other the same quantity may belong to the reflective and perceptive faculties, and higher sentiments. *Secondly*, the same quantity in two heads may be proportionately distributed, and the persons may differ in mental vigor, for the temperament of one may be lymphatic, and of the other, nervous and bilious. *Thirdly*, temperaments and the quantity of brain may be similar, and still one may be celebrated, and the other, comparatively speaking, but little known. Education and collateral circumstances may have been the cause of this difference. Both may be great, but circumstances may have conspired to raise the former to celebrity by a slight effort, while the latter may possibly spend years of toil in attaining an equally high stand. The bright star of Patrick Henry's glory would have shone with more dazzling splendor, had he improved the advantages of his earlier years. When all these circumstances are duly considered, heads may then be compared. Phrenologists say that, 'cæteris paribus,' the larger the brain, the greater is the intellectual power. They say that, in no instance, have extraordinary powers of mind, such as characterized Michaelangelo, Napoleon, Bruce, or Johnson, been manifested by persons possessing a small head. Bring but one fact in refutation of this principle, and Phrenology—is a fable. All that believers in this science ask, is, that every one may judge for himself after having carefully and thoroughly examined the subject, without regard to the dicta of this or that learned professor.

The following paragraph from the *Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine* is often brought forward as proof positive against the truth of Phrenology. 'The writer of the present article was assured by M. Esquirol that the testimony of his experience is entirely adverse to the doctrines of the Phrenologists. It has convinced him that there is no foundation whatever for the system of correspondences which they lay down between certain measurements of the heads and certain peculiar mental endowments.' If M. Esquirol saw no facts in favor of the science among the immense number of observations which he made, he must have met with some in direct contradiction to its doctrines. If so, why did he not bring forward one, at least,

which would have silenced Spurzheim forever. He said, 'to our principles we admit of *no* exceptions.' Would an opportunity like this have been suffered to pass unimproved? Certainly not. He is careful to confine himself to general assertions, unsupported by facts. Had he been able to do this, he would have followed the example of Spurzheim, who, on the appearance of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* reflecting upon him and the science, having obtained a letter of introduction to the writer, an anatomical lecturer, immediately sought him out, and requested permission to lecture in his room. This was readily given, and in the course of his lecture, he went around among his audience with a brain in one hand and the review in the other, and by that lecture won over five hundred to the doctrine of the fibrous structure of the brain.

In conclusion, the attention of the reader is directed to the following facts, and is left to determine from them whether they do, or do not, establish the theory. Doct. Gall visited the prison at Berlin, and in the presence of the Chiefs of the department, counsellors, and other witnesses, examined the heads of over two hundred criminals, each and all of whom were entirely unknown to him, and he delineated their characters without committing a single error! In another prison, he examined the heads of four hundred and seventy criminals with equal success. Mr. Deville visited a convict ship just before her departure from England, and after examining the heads of one hundred and eighty convicts, gave the Captain a written account of their several characters and probable conduct. He did not make a single mistake in his estimate of their characters, and but *one* in relation to their conduct. Who can, with such facts as these before him, assert that the science is, in practice, false? That the science, by aid of which the infant can be nurtured in such a manner as will develope his higher powers, and check his evil tendencies, and best prepare him for peace on earth and happiness hereafter, is dangerous in theory? The illustrious Gall and Spurzheim have *not* labored in vain, and their system of philosophy will continue to gain credence until all will become its votaries.

A.

To S—— H. F——.

I NEVER saw thee, yet thou shalt be
 Henceforth treasured in memory,
 And thy name, a thrill, shall ever bring,
 Sweet thoughts in the soul awakening.
 I know thou art young, and that word alone
 Hath eloquence, and its spell-like tone
 Deep interest, calls forth, for thee,
 And love, and gentle sympathy.
 Thou art young, and I see thee before me now,
 With gladness written on thy brow
 And joyous spirits, that light the eye,
 Filling the heart with ecstasy;

And life, and all things in thy sight,
Looking most beautiful and bright,
As though they would forsake thee never,
And this world were thy resting place forever.
'Tis ever thus in the sunny spring
Of life, yet the treasures to which we cling,
And all the sweet hopes we make our stay,
One by one, must be rent away,
Or, at a single, fatal blow,
The beautiful structure laid full low?
Why grieve we, that it thus should be,
When we shut our eyes to the vanity
Of human life, and vainly cherish
Illusions, that so quickly perish?
Like a meteor's gleam, one moment bright,
Then sunk in everlasting night.
Alas! that we know it thus, and yet
The soul's high destiny forget.
Why grieve we for our earthly fate,
O'eruled by love, compassionate,
That leads us, oft, by discipline,
Unto a glorious, holy shrine,
Where the soul, from guilty passions free,
May pour forth its idolatry?
Oh, the chastened spirit should learn to soar,
Assimilating evermore,
As it bursts the fetters of earthly sense,
To uncreated excellence—
Thou art young, and what prophetic eye,
Can look through the mist of futurity,
And read thy fortunes there, and know
How they mingle with joy, and woe?
Whether thy way be brief or long
Dark, or fair, let thy soul be strong!

Boston.

L. C. F.

ON THE NATURE AND ATTRIBUTES OF GENIUS.

Among the various opinions respecting the essential nature and attributes of genius, there are few that are not liable to exceptions, either in consequence of the indefiniteness of language, or from the difficulty accompanying every attempt to reduce, under general distinctions, the innumerable varieties and combinations of the human mind.

It is the opinion of many eminent writers of the present day, and among others, of the Rev. Mr. Dewey, that genius is exclusively derived from the faculty of attention; while on the other hand, it has as often been asserted that it is the especial concomitant of habits of abstraction and internal concentration of thought. I think it is Gibbon who says that 'solitude is the

nurse of genius, while society developes wit and talent.' Again, it has been contended that genius is an independant power of the soul. This we are ready to admit, to a certain extent, and under certain limitations. Doubtless the germ from whence it is derived, exists independantly of education or circumstance; yet we cannot agree with some of the German metaphysicians, in the belief that any mind, however gifted, could originate or give birth to conceptions of power and beauty, though cut off from all impressions of the external world; on the contrary, we believe that the creative power of genius is immediately derived from a certain delicacy of organization, which renders the mind in a peculiar degree susceptible to external impressions, and that without these it would be as blank as the finest mirror, before light and form have been reflected from its polished surface. Yet we would not be understood to imply by this admission that genius emanates from the faculty of *attention* or *observation*. Attention, according to Spurzheim, implies 'effort proceeding from a desire for information;' while the vivid impressions of genius are, we think, derived from an intuitive feeling of whatever is elevated and beautiful, rather than acquired by an effort of the will.

The faculty of attention is seldom found united with that meditative, impassioned and imaginative cast of character, which, as was before remarked, is nursed amid solitude and seclusion. The mind of Shakspeare, it must be allowed, presents a marked exception to this theory, exhibiting a wonderful combination of accuracy of observation, profundity of thought, and splendor of imagination; but in most cases, we are inclined to think, the above remark will be found to correspond with the testimony of experience. Every one conversant with the writings of Coleridge must perceive that he is but little indebted to the observation of external objects for his powerful productions. His *Christabel* and his *Ancient Mariner* are original creations drawn from the abundant treasures of a fertile imagination. Reflection and fancy predominate in all his works, while they are deficient in those various portraitures of manner and character which are derived from acuteness of observation. These remarks are equally applicable to Wordsworth.

The versatile powers of Scott, on the other hand, are evidently formed on a close attention to life and manners, and he has himself avowed that his characters were, for the most part, copies from nature; many of them being individual pictures but slightly altered from their originals. Excellence in this style of writing would seem to require merely that species of talent which rendered the Dutch and Flemish artists so deservedly celebrated. But Scott has done more than this; around these faithful portraits his brilliant imagination has thrown a rich and fanciful drapery, which imparts to them a highly-romantic and picturesque effect, without in the least detracting from the vraisemblance of the delineation.

To question Sir Walter's claim to the very highest order of genius, would, perhaps, be deemed by many, one of the worst forms of literary heresy. Yet we must confess that we have often doubted whether its success was not the result of accuracy of observation, and habits of close attention respecting the *external* peculiarities of man, and of the material creation, rather than of great native powers of thought and imagination.

We hear much of the egotism of Rosseau, Byron and De Stael, while Scott is commended for never obtruding his own individual sentiments and

feelings on his readers, nor delineating his own character under the mask of a fictitious personage. Yet what can be more interesting to beings loving, suffering and erring, than to learn how others have loved and suffered—how they have borne with the various doubts and difficulties, trials and temptations of life.

How often, in the midst of our admiration for the brilliant narrative and gorgeous scenery of these splendid fictions, have we felt the want of that intimate communion with our author—that confiding revelation of his inmost thoughts and feelings, which constitute for us a writer's highest charms! Their power to interest and amuse is unrivalled; we are rapt into entire forgetfulness of ourselves and our author, and living only amid the creations of his fancy, are borne from adventure to adventure, with magical celerity and skill; but, after all, these are not the works which a man of thought and feeling loves and lingers over, and makes his bosom companions; nor do they, like some of our favorite authors, give that powerful impulse to the mind which forces us to lay down the volume in order to follow out the thronging thoughts which it inspires.

Passing lightly over those causes and events that control the developement of character, and influence the destiny of man, the author of *Waverley* expatiates almost to weariness, on the cut and color of a garment, the contour and complexion of a limb; describing every thing with an elaborateness of detail that has suffered no variety of form or gradation of manner to escape. He presents in bold relief, the most prominent and romantic features that give an individual character to different ages and nations. He delights us with splendid pageants and glowing pictures, in which all the figures are picturesquely grouped and represented in striking and appropriate costume. But we have no nice and just analysis of character—no tracing effects to causes—no deep insight into the human heart. It is essentially a description of *manners* and *actions*, as opposed to one of *motives* and *feelings*. We may look in vain for those comprehensive views of man's nature and destiny, which distinguish the German novels of Goethe and Wieland—for the sweet pathos of Mackenzie and St. Pierre, or the impassioned eloquence of Godwin and De Stael.

Another definition of genius—not less popular than that which describes it as the faculty of attention—comprises it under the term of 'inventive power'—an explanation obviously liable to objection, since many persons exhibit this power who deserve no higher epithet than that of cleverness or ingenuity. It depends upon the nature of the thing invented, whether the power which produced it can claim the name of genius. The power of invention enters into the dramas of Shakspeare, and the construction of a patent cooking apparatus. Yet surely it would be incongruous to apply the hallowed name of genius in common to their originators.

Neither inventive power, therefore, nor the faculty of attention correspond with our own views of the nature of genius. We have always been of opinion that genius *originates* in that peculiar species of organization which renders a person exquisitely susceptible to whatever is beautiful or sublime in the material or moral world, and that it *manifests* itself in the power it possesses of embodying these exquisite impressions in the rare creations of art. Yet we are inclined to believe that the native elements of genius exist

in many individuals, unaccompanied by that faculty of execution which would enable them to impart to others a faint reflection of their own inspirations—although in most cases we believe the mind is opposed to its own keen thrilling conceptions of beauty, until they are breathed forth into the eloquent arts of poetry, painting, sculpture or music, as into a natural language, by which is expressed those intense and vivid impressions, which, if unrevealed, produce a morbid excitement of the imagination, and cause the mind to consume and pine away amid the lustre of its own fires—or, to use an expression of Byron's 'render it diseased with its own beauty.'

In asserting that we consider genius as originating or consisting in an exquisite susceptibility to beauty, we use the word in its most comprehensive sense, as including all that Burke or Alison comprised in their definitions of the sublime and beautiful. A more limited interpretation of the word would lead to a misconception of our true meaning. For instance, we were lately asked what *beauty* was discoverable in Shakspeare's admirable delineations of the jealousy of Othello or the madness of Lear. Yet in the sense in which we use the words beauty and sublimity, they are equally applicable to the moral and physical world, and who will deny that there is more sublimity and power in the representation of Othello's noble mind, struggling in the insidious coils of jealous passion, or in the strong grasp of remorse, than there is in the far-famed Laocoon writhing in the folds of the serpent. Or can those emotions of sublimity with which we contemplate a stately ship, foundering amid storm and tempest on the shoreless ocean, rival those with which we behold the old heart-broken Lear, tossed on the wild waves of passion and grief, and finallywhelmed beneath their billows just as the dawn had begun to break on his long night of mental darkness and despair? It is to these and similar impressions of power, and beauty, and sublimity—whether in the moral or material world—that the mind of the man of genius is, as I have said, exquisitely susceptible, and which his pen or his pencil so vividly portrays.

It has often been argued that there are many species of genius—that the eminent mathematician, moralist, historian and statesman, all and each display various orders of genius. Yet excellence in these pursuits should, we think, be attributed rather to a discriminating and powerful intellect than to that peculiar character of mind which constitutes genius.

Talent, again, though often miscalled genius, has, we think, a signification differing essentially in its original nature, yet often blended and united with that power. Talent, we conceive to be that peculiar facility in execution, which belongs to many individuals who possess neither profound intellect nor powerful genius.

We are aware that we dissent from the popular opinion, in instancing Pope as an example of popular talent, independant of any of the peculiar attributes of genius. The two productions which have been lately cited by an eloquent writer as vindicating his claims to this high, and we had almost said, holy endowment, are the 'Essay on man,' and the 'Letter of Eloise'—the latter, a literal, though unacknowledged translation from the French, while the ideas and arrangement of the former were furnished, it has been said, by Bolingbroke, which, if correct, leaves the author, as far as respects these two poems, no other merit than that of harmonious and polished versifica-

tion. With the exception of these—of which one, it appears, is a translation, and the other suspected of being a mere paraphrase—where shall we look among his writings for evidences of true genius? His *Dunciad* and *Rape of the Lock* are highly-polished and brilliant satires, evincing, it is true, admirable talents of a certain order—great subtlety of intellect—a shrewd and sarcastic wit, and keen perception of the follies and frailties of human nature. Yet what do we find in them to awaken those intense and fervid aspirations after perfection and beauty—after purity and truth, which elevate us above the sordid cares and earth-born interests of life, and inspire the soul with a lofty and refining sense of its sacred attributes and high destination.

It is by a test like this that we would estimate an author's claims to genius. It is divine in its essence, purifying and elevating in its effects. It recalls us to a sense of the glory of our nature, and of those high capacities of happiness with which we are endowed.

The old aphorism, 'Poeta nascitur, non fit'—'Poets are *born*, and not *made*,' notwithstanding the wisdom and talent that have been exercised in denouncing it, is not yet disproved. Attention may command information, and lead to the acquisition of wisdom, taste and talent; but genius is a portion of the soul's individual essence, an endowment of Heaven, possessed in holy trust for the elevation and solace of the human race. Though often perverted and united with evil, it is in itself pure and holy, allied to all religious faith, to all exalted enthusiasm, to all unfeigned love of goodness, beauty and truth.

Heraclitus has said that what men call genius is a demon. *We* believe it a ray from the divinity, throwing a halo around all objects within the sphere of its influence; illuminating every thing that it touches, with a portion of its own glory, and, like the alembic of the alchemist, converting all common metals into gold.

Boston Pearl.

SONNET.

FAREWELL TO CHARLESTON.

FAREWELL!—I will remember thee, thou bright
 Garden of Indian verdure!—sweet thy bloom
 Has been to me, and will be, and thy light
 Yet lingering on thy summits, in the gloom
 Of evening as in leaving thee I gaze
 Fondly, and look backward with a sigh
 For beauty ne'er to be forgotten,—rays
 Of gone-down happiness still in the sky
 Of memory linger thus;—and though the shade
 Of sorrow may come o'er me, but the more
 I will remember thee,—as stars are made
 Through darkness visible along thy shore,
 Shining while yet I see thee;—Oh! thou art,—
 And ever mayst thou be,—the City of the Heart!

Charleston Harbor, May 1835.

B. B. T.

MORAL MEDITATION.

MEDITATION, all admit, is indispensably necessary to intellectual progress. Man is made a thinking being. His mind is so constituted, that, in order to have his intellectual energies developed, and his mental resources expanded, enlarged, and exhibited to the best advantage, his powers of thought must be diligently cultivated, must be brought into vivid and energetic action. It is meditation, which removes the film from off the intellectual eye, and enables it to penetrate deeper into the hitherto hidden mysteries of nature. It expels the clouds, in which error is enveloped, chasing away the mists of passion, and the fogs of prejudice; it pours forth the light of truth, demolishing 'the aircastles' of fancy, and sweeping away false systems and untenable theories, "as the baseless fabrics of a vision." Genius acknowledges its power; on it science leans, as its only firm support; and the works of art testify to its creative energy.

But important and indispensably necessary as is meditation to advancement in intellectual strength and greatness, it is equally important and necessary to moral progress. In the education of the soul, in elevating and ennobling the whole moral nature of man, in drawing forth and bringing into action all the finer feelings of the heart, in warding off the fearful, utter wreck of man's noblest energies, meditation lends a powerful assistance,—has here a great work to perform.

By moral meditation, is not meant a cold and drowsy state of the mind, a complete sluggishness of all the sentient powers, but a close communion with our own souls, a careful examination of all our motives of action. All the powers of the mind, the whole force of thought must be turned in upon the soul, there to concentrate all their energies, to remove all false colorings, to rend away every concealment, and bring forth every secret of the heart to the full light of truth. Meditation is the author of profound and noble sentiments, of deep and humiliating views of man's weakness, and his aberrations from the only source of happiness and virtue, and of high and lofty aspirations after true excellence.

But in the attainment of this important habit or power, difficulties meet and push us back at the very threshold. From our earliest infancy, external objects have occupied our chief attention. External nature decked out in all its variegated and brilliant hues, with its many charms to captivate and allure, has gained almost a complete ascendancy over the soul; and we find it extremely difficult to burst asunder the fetters, which scenes so interesting have thrown around the mind, turn our thoughts into the inner man, and contemplate all the paraphernalia of the soul. We are unwilling 'to shut the windows' upon the gorgeous and everchanging display without, 'in order that the house within may be light.' We are unwilling to examine into the secret springs of action, scrutinize and weigh every motive presented to the mind, and banish all those interested and selfish feelings, which are at war with the great law of love.

But these difficulties must be met and surmounted. We must come up to the work with a fixed resolution, that we will see 'what manner of spirit we are of.' At our first attempts at these inward musings, recollection after recollection will come rushing upon us from every quarter: imagination will seem to have broke loose from all restraint, and roam 'wild and lawless' 'o'er all the scenes, that a poet's fancy ever dreamt:' phantom after phantom will arise uncalled, flitting around in shapes innumerable, now appearing in all the vividness of nature, and then as the shadowy spirits of the departed. They vanish, and all is dark, void, and gloomy. We make another attempt, and thoughts come rushing tumultuously through the mind, making it a perfect chaos, a confused mass of ideas and images presenting neither 'form or comeliness.'

But these obstacles must be overcome. 'The enchanted ground must be passed ere we enter upon the delightful plains and breathe the fresh and invigorating air of the land of 'Beulah.' Meditation opens upon regions blooming with verdure and rich in fruits refreshing to the soul; but still toil and discipline must be encountered, would we enjoy the scenery and regale ourselves upon the bounties of the land.

There are, undoubtedly, situations more favorable to meditation, close communings with our own souls, than others. Solitude presents peculiar charms to him, who loves to retire within himself, shut out the world, and bid his spirit mount and hover round the *Throne*. Would you feel the utter emptiness of earth with all its boasted splendor; would you feel how mean a thing is man,

'Who sweats for death, and shines for misery.'

who makes gold and fame his gods and 'offers up

His soul, and an eternity of bliss,

To gain them—what? an hour of dreaming joy;

would you get, as it were, away from this world, and feel that you are immortal, wander among the crumbling monuments and tottering ruins of ancient grandeur, where the hooting owl nestles, and 'the she-wolf hides her whelps?' or, at the still, calm hour of evening, visit the grave-yard, and survey those 'monuments erected on the confines of the two worlds,'—mute messengers pointing with one hand to the utter worthlessness of human pursuits, and with the other to immortality, to the far, far world of spirits.

But we should not be chained down to times and circumstances. We should seek to attain that perfect command over all the faculties of our minds, that habitual self-recollection, which will afford us the luxuries and benefits of meditation, at all times and in all situations. Dependent upon no external accessories, we should gain that inward liberty, which meditation requires, and be able to maintain it entire amidst all 'the din and bustle of the world.'

And here let it be observed, that it is not a habit of forcing, pumping upon thoughts, as it were, which we are to acquire, and the value of which is so inestimable. No—vivid ideas and profound sentiments must spring from the soul spontaneously, and naturally. The mind must be active,—but it must not be forced activity: Its action must be calm and free, moving forward harmoniously and in perfect order. We must

" Knock off the shackles, which the spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind.
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be, like man at first, " A living Soul."

J. B.

INDIAN MELODIES.

BY LIEUT. GEO. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

THE CURSE.

Spirit ! rider of the air —

Listen to the Red Man's prayer.

Wars and famine, death and woes
Follow where the long-knife (1.) goes !
When he toils thro' marsh and brake,
Let him tread on poison'd snake :
When he stoops o'er gushing spring,
Let him taste the adder's sting.
While he creeps o'er fallen pines,
Strew his path with tangled vines.

Spirit ! rider of the air —

Listen to the Red Man's prayer.

Let the long-knife thread the plain,
Ever doom'd to hunt in vain.
May no deer at twilight dim,
Raise its antler'd head for him.
If he rest by spreading oak,
Blast him with the thunder stroke.
Let him roam where forests scowl,
Started by the hooting owl.

Spirit ! rider of the air —

Listen to the Red Man's prayer.

O'er the prairies burning sea,
Let the long-knife driven be.
When the trout is in the brook,
May his string have lost its hook.
When he sees the startled hind,
May his hand no arrows find.
When nor spear nor pointed tusk,
Let him meet the scented musk.

Spirit ! rider of the air —

Listen to the Red man's prayer.

When the long-knife's eye is dim,
May no dirge be sung for him.
May that land he never know,
Where the tawny hunters go.
Let no flag beside him wave,
Let no bark be on his grave. (2.)

Let no mother rend with cries
Wigwam where the pale-face dies.
Spirit! rider of the air —
Listen to the Red Man's prayer.

NOTES.

- (1.) White man.
- (2.) It is customary among the Western Indians to cover the graves of their friends with birchen bark, and a flag is suffered to wave over their remains until it is destroyed by the *Spirit of the Storm*.

A MORNING ON THE CONNECTICUT.

BRIGHTLY streamed the rays of the rising sun into my window, one pleasant morning in September, as I turned lazily in my bed, half remembering a promise made to my friend Bob Lyons, the evening before, to ascend Mt. Holyoke, with him, should the day prove pleasant. 'Twas but a passing thought, and resolving not to let it cut short my morning's nap, I drew the clothes about me, and was fast yielding myself a willing subject to the drowsy deity, when a shout at my ear, like that, which in days of old threw down the walls of Jericho, put to flight the pleasant dream, which was already stealing over my fancy, and brought me to recollection; and looking up, I saw Bob standing over me with a provokingly complacent air, and apparently much amused at the comical look of surprise with which I regarded him.

"What the deuce has started you now, Bob?" said I; for (between ourselves, gentle reader,) he was as fond of his bed in the morning as I was, and did not usually quit it till the breakfast bell gave its last summons; so that I was not a little at a loss to divine the motive for his early appearance.

"Look out upon the glorious sun," replied he, with a mock-heroic air, "and tell me how you can so insult his majesty, as to close your eyes upon his splendor, on such a morning as this! 'Tis high treason to his power. Awake!"

"A truce to your nonsense, and reach me my cravat from the chair behind you; now my coat—and I am ready. The breakfast bell rings, and our coffee will not improve by delay. Let's make a *rush*." I had dressed myself in less time than it took him to utter his long rhapsody,—an art I learned in College, (among others less useful,) where I used to indulge in sleep till the last bell tolled for prayers, and then hurry into the chapel, before the President had opened his big book. Suiting the action to the word, we descended to the breakfast room, and did ample justice to the fare of mine host of the Mansion House. Bob is a connoisseur in coffee—so am I. I have a critical taste in beef-steaks—Bob prefers toast. Baked potatoes are common ground; but he sticks to the blueskins—I prefer the Chenangoes.

After breakfast we proposed to ascend the mountain. But the gray mist, that, an hour before, had been just visible half a dozen miles above, had now spread itself over the whole valley, enveloping every thing in a dense fog, and entirely obscuring the prospect. This did not augur well for our excursion.

sion, but after waiting an hour or two in the hope that the fog might dissipate, we resolved to take our chance. The distance to the ferry was about two miles, and thence to the foot of the mountain half a mile farther; but as we prided ourselves not a little on our pedestrian powers, we declined the offer of our host to furnish us a chaise, and set off on foot. As we entered the broad and fertile meadow, which here skirts the river for miles on either hand, the heavy mist, penetrating our garments, almost drenched us to the skin; the tall stalks of the broom-corn bent with the weight of the moisture with which they were loaded: the fog was so dense that we could not see any object at the distance of two rods; and we began to fear that we should be wholly deprived of the promised prospect.

On reaching the ferry, we found, waiting for the boat, and like ourselves bound for the mountain, a barouche, containing a gentleman and two ladies, which we had noticed at the door of the hotel, a little before, and which passed us immediately after we had set out. Exchanging the compliments of the morning, and commenting upon the weather, we possessed our souls in patience till the boat touched the shore, and, taking our places, were soon landed on the other side. The river, now not more than four feet deep, flowed sluggishly on, scarcely seeming to be in motion, as it wound its sinuous course through the long extent of meadow, as if rambling for pleasure, presenting a striking contrast to its appearance in the spring, when swollen with the melting of the mountain snows, and inundating the valley to the depth of several feet. As the boat touched the bank, we sprang lightly on shore, and partly walking, partly running, soon passed the barouche, leaving our companions far behind. There is an exquisite delight in thus bounding along with all the elasticity of boyhood, while the foot is yet light, and the heart yet free from care, and before we have learned to practice the measured steps of the world, which I would not exchange for the more methodical pleasures of a civilized life. Did it ever strike you as strange, that the Indian of our own forests should refuse to part with his wild freedom, his perfect, native liberty, and accept in its stead the comforts and refinements on which we pride ourselves? But I am digressing—and perhaps you cannot fully enter into my feelings; so, bearing in mind the folly of casting pearls, &c.—I forbear.—Where was I? Oh, climbing the steep mountain side, with the agility of a roe-buck. When we reached the end of the carriage path, the way became more difficult and toilsome, and more like a ragged stone wall, than any decent road. Steps had been formed in the ledges and among the roots, to facilitate the ascent—and some kind soul, (blessings on his memory,) had completed a rude staircase in the steepest places, by stretching poles from tree to tree, so as to make a convenient, though rough balustrade.

“Halloo, Bob!” shouted I, as he vanished round the projecting point of a ledge, a hundred yards ahead, “hold on there, a bit,” for he was pushing ahead rapidly, as if determined to win the palm by scaling the summit in advance, and I wanted to contrive some device to arrest his steps.

“What’s the matter now?” replied he, still keeping his eye on the top. “Go back, and show your gallantry, by offering your arm to one of those ladies; you see there are two of them, and only one gentleman; fie upon you, not to think of that before.”

Knowing my friend Bob's *penchant* for the fair sex, I concluded this bait would prove irresistible, and I should take the lead, but this time I reckoned without my host. Ambition was now the ruling passion, and left no room for any thing else; so giving up the attempt, I returned to the end of the carriage path, where the party in question had just alighted, and, with a suitable apology for the freedom I was taking, proffered my services for the ascent. They were accepted, and with a fair companion on my arm, I recommenced my weary way. But I found it was much easier to climb alone and unimpeded, than to assist another up the steep path. We took it leisurely however, and laughed good-humoredly at the little mishaps that we encountered—now receiving an unexpected shower from some overhanging branch, which obstructed our way—now dodging to avoid a stone which had been dislodged above us, and seemed disposed to monopolize the path.

When we had ascended a few hundred feet, we found ourselves above the mist and fog, and enjoying a bright sunshine, while below, every thing was still shrouded in vapor; now and then, through the thick foliage of the trees, we caught a glimpse of the scenery, which *promised* to be splendid. At length, we reached the summit, luckily for my companion's strength and patience, which had, for the last two hundred yards, begun to fail, (and mine too, if the truth must be known, though this I would not then acknowledge, and do not now, dear reader, only to you, in confidence.) There sat Bob, resting himself comfortably on a stone, and smiling most maliciously at my jaded appearance, though I more than half suspect it was merely a mask to conceal his envy at seeing me so well attended. Esau-like, he had sold his birthright, (for, a word in your ear, he is the oldest, and I always yield him the precedence on such occasions,) and had sacrificed every thing to his eagerness to be first at the summit. There was an open shed or shanty on the top, with chairs and a tolerable spy-glass. Here the view was magnificent. Below our feet lay the mist, white as the drifted snow, dazzling the eye with the reflection of the rays of the sun, which shone here with unclouded brilliancy, and covering the whole valley and bed of the river as far as the eye could reach. Beyond this, the highlands in the distance, stretching far away to the north and west, seemed piled one upon another, till their outlines were scarcely distinguishable from the clear blue sky, which they so much resembled in hue. By and by, the fog, which seemed to move gently with the current of the river, began to *roll itself up*, as it were, and now one bright spot made its appearance, and then another, and another, till, in the course of an hour, the veil was completely removed, and the whole prospect revealed itself to the eye, enchanting it with its loveliness. This dispersion of the mist, when viewed from a high point, whence you can look down upon the whole scene, is in itself one of the most beautiful sights I have ever witnessed. It was not like the blowing away of one of our sea-fogs by a heavy wind, but as the eye gazed intently into its depths, and strove in vain to pierce the dense mass, brilliant even in its obscurity, it would seem to *furl* itself instantaneously, and disappear like the Kilkenny cats. (You recollect the story. I almost died with laughing when Bob first told it to me, in his inexpressibly comical way,—for in telling a story Matthews was a fool to him, Bob was a capital fellow—but let us return to the Connecticut.)

Away to the north, the river made its appearance at the base of the Sugar-loaf Mountain, some ten miles above, then slowly winding its way through this most fertile of valleys, making long circuits, as if in mere wantonness, and doubling like a hare upon its course, so as to return again almost to its starting place, while the beautiful and thriving villages, every where visible, enlivened the whole scene, and gave it variety and animation. I thought I should never be weary with gazing. The broad and luxuriant fields of broom-corn, here only visible in perfection, form a striking feature in this valley, and add much to its beauty. The river, after many a graceful winding through the valley,

‘With linked sweetness long drawn out,’

seems to collect all its energies for one mighty effort, and bursting through the gorge between Mounts Tom and Holyoke, pursues its course directly onward to the sea. Here you can look from the summit of the mountain directly down upon the river, and can hardly believe but that you might pitch a stone into it from where you stand. Opposite, and seeming scarce a furlong off, though the real distance is not less than three or four miles, stands Mt. Tom, rising abruptly to the height of twelve hundred feet, and covered with a heavy growth of wood to its very top. The whole scene was lovely, and amply repaid us for our toil.

Bob, who is rather given to rhyming, and sometimes fancies himself a poet, sat apart on a pointed rock, (where some *nameless* John Smith had vainly sought to immortalize himself by practising the sculptor’s art,) ‘his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,’ and trying to inhale inspiration from the passing breeze. Having no relish for the waters of the Heliconian rill, I contented myself with a bottle of claret, which I procured without difficulty from the keeper of the little *shanty* above mentioned, who makes a comfortable living by ministering to the wants of travellers during the warm season, and supplying them with such comforts as their necessities demand. This we discussed, together with a reasonable proportion of the solids, and, the *spell* fortunately leaving him about this time, Bob joined us, in season to test the superiority of *our* beverage over *his*, and made himself quite social. Bob can be mighty agreeable, when he chooses; he has such a smooth, insinuating way with him, and can steal so gently into one’s sympathies, that I would not give much for your chance of escape, if he really laid siege to you in earnest. I knew him once to put off a tailor with fair words, and actually to send the fellow away in good humor, though it was at least the tenth time that he had called to present ‘his little bill.’

When we had rested, and chatted, finished our bottle, (not the first,) and sufficiently admired the prospect, we turned to descend. ‘But where is she of the blue eyes and elastic step, who so pleasantly beguiled the tediousness of the ascent? She was at my side just now, and her musical voice yet rings on my ear. As true as I’m a sinner, Bob has stepped in between, and carried off the prize; and there he is, wending his way down the steep and crooked path, and chuckling at the success of his manœuvre. The rascal! if I live to reach the bottom, I’ll pay him off for this. I now know the meaning of all his pretty speeches, and the special pains he took to make himself agreeable. And right before my face, too? He knows I have scruples about duelling, (like a certain dignitary,) or he would never have ven-

tured thus. 'Well, I never'——and 'nursing my wrath to keep it warm,' I set off alone down the mountain. I soon passed them, Bob giving me a look of suppressed triumph as I did so, and awaited their arrival at the carriage. Here I cut a walnut sapling, in memory of the occasion, and when they came up, we all moved homeward, Bob and I at our usual pace, (say eight miles an hour,) and crossed the ferry together. We reached the hotel a few minutes after the party in the barouche, and sat an hour for the furtherance of our acquaintance. The stages drove up to the door, and we separated; they, to retrace their steps to the valley of the Mississippi, and we to visit the White Mountains. So it is in life: the pleasant ties, which we form in our journey through the world, are thus lightly sundered, and the flowers that we pluck by the way, wither in our grasp. But the memory of them is pleasant.

Does the reader wish to know how Bob and I adjusted our little quarrel? I would fain gratify your curiosity—but I must spare his feelings. Besides, I promised not to expose him. But the next time you see him, you may ask him what I wanted of the hickory walking-stick, I brought with me from the mountain, and how it happened to break? Q.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Thou Evening Star—thou Evening Star!
 I've watched thee oft at day's declining,
 As, o'er the western hill afar,
 Thy clear and mellow ray was shining
 On woodland, glade, and stream,—enshrining
 In hallowed beauty, many a spot,
 Where ancient elms their arms are twining
 O'er leafy bower and lowly cot.

And oft I've viewed, ere evening's close,
 Rich gold and purple dyes o'erspreading
 The mantling clouds,—till, into rose,
 And dusky grey, their tints were fading,
 While sank the sun;—and night, o'ershading
 With murky veil, the peaceful scene,
 Seemed like some evil mist pervading,
 Sweet Star!—all, save thy light serene.

And, gazing on thee, oft I've thought,
 If I, like thee, could daily, nightly,
 Fulfil my sphere of duty,—brought
 To govern all my actions rightly,
 By Truth's unerring rules; how lightly
 I'd quit earth's troubled scenes for heaven!
 Where I might hope to shine as brightly
 And pure, as thou, blest Star of Even!

MATTERS AND THINGS.

 NUMBER TWO.

A NATURAL.

THE good old land of wooden nutmegs and horn gun-flints never reared a more honest soul than Obed Ordway. He was one of nature's simplest children. He was brought up in a wholesome, comfortable manner, having been taught to make way with about as much bread and butter, pumpkin pies, et cetera, as any lad of his age, and his intellectuals were never disturbed with a superabundance of ideas. These, rather must have been estimated something after the manner of those of the schoolmaster of whom I have some where read,—by the capacity of his bread-basket. I have said he was honest, and hence the inference is plain, he knew not how to be otherwise. The regular routine of daily duties Obed performed like a faithful lad, till he arrived at the age of manhood.

When he became "his own man," he suddenly conceived the idea of changing the rustic for the city life. With this view, he packed up his wearables, bade adieu to his homely fireside, and took up his line of march for the city. A few days after he had left the "land of steady habits," he reached the place of destination. Soon after his arrival, he chanced to fall in the way of our worthy steward, who was in search of a subject to fill a vacancy in his "kitchen cabinet." Obed was engaged, and I shall never forget the time of his *debut*. Commons' Hall was assigned as the theatre of his principal operations. It was at the dinner hour that he made his first appearance before that laughter-loving, mischief-making set of fellows—the college students. No sooner had the blessing been invoked, than the hurried din and clatter of plates and knives and forks resounded through the Hall, and loud calls for this, that and the other thing. Obed's rusticity was not overlooked, for there he stood with ears erect and mouth wide open, and his eyes—I thought they would start from their spheres. For a long time he stood in utter amazement, and to all appearance, as deaf as a post; but when he did start, it was like the careering of a wild colt, with no reasonable expectation of stopping this side of the globe. He came near being crazy, called hither and thither as he was, to supply the absorbent powers of the hungry youth, to whom he ministered.

As has before been observed, his rusticity did not escape notice, and as a matter of course, some way was devised for a frolic. Tom P., "old Put," and their copartners in fun and frolic, put their wits together for a trick upon Obed. The result was, that the innocent rustic should be impressed with the idea that he must be *inaugurated*, before he could enter upon the high and responsible situation of waiter. Obed was very susceptible of impressions of this nature, and it did not require a great force of reasoning to make him believe that this was the customary course of things. Had he possessed the sagacity of Hudibras' valorous Ralpho, he would have

exclaimed with him, 'I smell a rat.' But Obed's olfactories were not thus affected, and he agreed, without objection, to be in readiness at a stated time, to attend to his inauguration in the chapel, which agreement, it is unnecessary to say, was scrupulously adhered to.

The time arrived, and Tom P. appeared in the capacity of Pope, accompanied by ten Cardinals, fantastically dressed. Obed was conducted into their august presence. He was taught in his earlier days, like all the boys, to make his "bow" on entering school, and on this occasion held in remembrance this custom, and made a 'very obsequious' as he entered the chapel. With difficulty those present restrained themselves from a burst of laughter. Obed took his stand before them, and was commanded to kneel. This being done, Tom P. and his associates arose, and as the former waved his hand with his usual pomp, the spectators also arose. Obed trembled like an aspen at this stage of proceeding. Then came forth with a solemn tone an unintelligible gibberish from the mouths of the 'eleven,' and Tom P. laid his hand upon the devoted head of the waiter Obed. He thus proceeded. 'Impono paws in tuo vacuo capite, et nunc dabo tibi a dose. You swear allegiance to all these persons here assembled, and everlasting secrecy with regard to such knowledge of the service to their leader, 'the Ancient Henry,' more impiously called '*the Old Harry*,' as may become known to you. That you will give admission by night, as well as by day, to the quarters of the 'kitchen cabinet' and furnish all refreshment therein contained, as we may require of you. Should we feel in want of a little poultry from the farmers' yards, you will cause the same to be transferred with the utmost secrecy, to the head quarters of the chief cook, 'old Put,' and there hold yourself in readiness for further orders. Supreme devotion to our wishes, in such ways and manner as may be intimated at divers times, is to be your great rule of action, without regard to the odious rules and regulations of this University. 'Nunc socii, impone tuos paws in capite Obed.' No sooner said than done, his devoted head was covered with *twenty-two paws*. He almost fell beneath their accumulated weight. Upon their being withdrawn, Tom P. commanded him to arise and depart in peace.

The whole presented a scene 'the most sublime, lofty and *imposing*, that the luminaries of human intelligence,'—as old Zacch would say,—scarce ever beheld. After his departure, a tremendous huzzaing was heard to issue from the chapel, and thus closed the joke. Obed never 'smelt the rat' during his natural life, but scrupulously performed all the requisitions of the devotees of their revered 'Henry.'

POLITE literature, mayhap, admits of different significations. Be that as it may, I am to speak of *billet-doux* literature, which may come within the range of the *polite*, though the following will not. An answer like this was once sent to a lady: 'Miss Q. *excepts* the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. W. for Thursday evening.' How it was received by the good lady, I know not. By means of a custom, the propriety of which I never fully understood,—that of exposing answers to invitations to the view of one's company, I happened to have the opportunity of perusing the foregoing choice specimen. A limb of the law, who stood near, on hearing the same, involuntarily exclaimed,

"What, file a bill of exceptions to a polite invitation! This is 'something new under the sun.' Let's see it. What are the grounds of exception? Well, I declare, this is a curious bill. No statement of facts,—not a single cause alleged—nothing said of the mesne process!"

"This process is *mean* enough," I replied, "why, the woman says what is equivalent to '*I won't come.*'"

So we concluded, but the lady's (?) presence in an adjoining parlor, was fatal to such a conclusion, and we were forced to believe that *ex-cept*, and *ac-cept* did not convey precisely the same idea.

SPEAKING of parties brings to my mind a recent incident. I accidentally—of course—overheard the following short dialogue.

"What a glorious time we had at Mrs. N's party the other evening!"

"Indeed, we had," was the reply, "the entertainment was done up in the very best style. The ingredients were of the very first chop."

"They were, truly; I would not give a fig to go to one of your fashionable parties, were it not for the eatables and drinkables."

Some writer has asserted, that the 'stomach is the seat of the soul.' Do you doubt it? MORAL. Let such souls stay at home. MIKE.

INDIAN MELODIES.

BY LIEUT. GEO. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

PAWNEE LOVE-SONG.

SIGHING Swan of Wacomee, (1.)

Hear the words of Nepowee.

I have met the Eagle's claw,

I have cop'd with Wabashaw.

But I come with words to thee,

Sweeter than the sugar tree.

Sister to the "Sailing Dove,"

Listen to my words of Love.

Daughter of the "Blazing Knife,"

I have saved thee in the strife.

Chas'd the wily fox away,

When Wacondah (2.) bid him stay.

I have sent the "Flapping Crow,"

To the Isle of Manito. (3.)

By the token-scalp I bring,

Listen to the "Raven Wing."

Thou art graceful in thy pride

As the Crane on Kansas' tide.

Thou art lovely in thy might

As the moon on Ozark's height.

Gently do thy accents flow

As the stream of Wul-wa-no.
Sighing Swan of Wacomee,
Hear the words of Nepowee.

I am mighty—I am strong,
I am the son of Ta-bisc-guong.
Fruitless is the battle charm, (4.)
When I stretch my thunder arm.
Harmless steel, and harmless fire ;
When I name my rolling sire.
I am mighty—thou art mild—
Smile upon the cloud-born child.

NOTES.

(1.) The Indians assume names which, when translated, are of a very fanciful character, such as Tabiseguong, a "*Voice of Rolling Thunder*."

(2.) Great Spirit.

(3.) Manito Isle, near Fort Mackinac, held sacred by the Indians in that vicinity as the place of departed Spirits.

(4.) Most of the Indian tribes possess belief in the efficacy of charms. They are worn on all occasions, both festive and warlike. Through the instrumentality of a Winnebago, I once had the opportunity of examining one of the species, called a *Love-charm*. It consisted of a substance resembling powdered granite and pulverized bark, and which exhaled a sickly perfume.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TALES AND SKETCHES, by MISS SEDGWICK, author of '*Hope Leslie*,' '*The Linwoods*,' &c. 1 vol. 12 mo. Philadelphia ; Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1835.

"When we speak of the female writers of our country," says a writer in a late number of the *North American Review*, 'the heart', in the strong language of Johnson, 'goes out to meet' Miss Sedgwick ; if no other had yet appeared among us, no other nation would have cause to boast its own superiority. To speak at large of her writings would be about as superfluous as to gild refined gold, or paint the lily ; they are familiar already to every lover of truth and nature. Deep pathos, perpetual sympathy, with all that is generous in feeling, and a keen insight into all that is lofty or noble in character, pervade them all, and inspire no less respect for her moral qualities, than admiration of her talent. To an inventive power and quickness in seizing the delicate shades of society, as well as in presenting them with perfect distinctness, inferior to that of Miss Edgeworth, she unites a faculty of description, and of giving reality and life to the character of other times, which Miss Edgeworth does not possess, at least in the same degree of perfection ; and in one of the most recent of her publications, she has exhibited a power of conveying moral truth through the attractive medium of fictitious story, not surpassed by that of any other writer of the time."

On taking up this volume of '*Tales and Sketches*,' we determined to give our views at length of the merit of Miss Sedgwick's various publications. Being admonished, however, by the writer we have just quoted, of the superfluity of

such an attempt, we relinquished that determination. But our admiration of this first of female American writers, forbids the passing by without contributing our 'mite,' at least, to the common stock of praise. A more just tribute, and at the same time so comprehensive as that quoted, could not easily have been offered, and we feel that we have discharged a duty incumbent upon our situation, and experienced much gratification in giving circulation to that tribute. The volume before us contains eleven tales, most of which, we think, have appeared in the American Annuals. The titles are as follows, viz: 'A reminiscence of Federalism;' 'the Catholic Iroquois;' 'the Country Cousin;' 'Old Maids;' 'the Chivalric Sailor;' 'Mary Dyre;' 'Cacæthes Scribendi;' 'the Eldest Sister;' 'St. Catharine's Eve;' 'Romance in Real life,' and the 'Canary Family.' The admirers of this lady's writings will, no doubt, be pleased that these have been collected and published in the present form. The book will be an agreeable companion for a leisure hour.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By MRS. SARAH J. HALE, *Editor of 'The American Ladies' Magazine,' and the author of 'Northwood,' 'Flora's Interpreter,' &c. &c.* 1 vol. 12 mo. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1835.

This volume comes before the public under circumstances similar to the preceding work of Miss Sedgwick, all of the fourteen articles which it contains having been published, according to the best of our recollection, in the author's Magazine. They are entitled, "The Lloyds;" "The Catholic Convent;" "The Silver Mine;" "Political Parties;" "A New Year's Story;" "Captain Glover's Daughter;" "The Fate of a favorite;" "The Romance of Travelling;" "The Lottery Ticket;" "An old Maid;" "Ladies' Fairs;" "The Mode," and the "Mysterious Box."

It is but a few years since Mrs. Hale became favorably known as a writer by publishing the offspring of her sweet muse over the signature of 'Cornelia.' Residing in a remote part of a sister State, a widow with several helpless children to support and educate, she was compelled to have recourse to her pen for a livelihood. Increasing rapidly in public favor by reason of her poetry, an occasional prize tale, and a novel, entitled 'Northwood,' she was called upon to assume the editorial charge of the Ladies' Magazine, to be published in Boston. For eight years past she has conducted this periodical with ability, and it has, we understand, from its commencement received a large share of patronage. Her talents have been duly appreciated, and she has been enabled to educate her children in the best manner. The efforts of a lady under such circumstances are deserving of the highest commendation.

Mrs. Hale, once before, gave us an interesting volume of sketches which were very much admired. Now that she has sent forth a second, characterized by the same simplicity of thought which pervades all her productions, she may rest assured 'that the sentiments inculcated, and principles illustrated, are such as will bear a reiteration.' The writings shew her to be a keen observer of men and manners,—her portraits of American character, various as it is, are true to life. In all these, she has endeavored to impress on the mind the importance of truth and virtue, and observes, that if any favorable impressions arising from such exertion is left on the mind of the reader, she shall be satisfied, 'though the meed of fame is not awarded her.' Such is the aim of our female writers, at the present day, and may this end be kept steadily in view. A recent writer has happily remarked on this point in the following language.

"By a beautiful illustration of justice, it appears to be reserved for woman to do for Christianity in some degree what Christianity has done for her, when it raised her to her just position in the social scale, and enabled her to become a bright example of its own beatitude. Such have, accordingly, been the aim and tendency of female literature in general; we may confidently believe that it will continue to be found on religion's side; and if such should be the fact, it would be treachery to the great purpose of our being, not to welcome it, as a momentous and restoring power. Whoever believes that the ultimate end of science is to instruct, and that of poetry to please, mistakes the matter greatly: the true and only worthy object of literary effort,—and all scientific research is, to purify the heart while they enlarge the mind, and thus to render both, according to their humble measure, worthy the Source to which they owe their powers. Great minds have prostituted their high endowments to base and sordid purposes; philosophers have labored with insane delight to degrade and vilify their nature; historians have gone deep into the lore of ages to shew the sad condition of their race, and its still more wretched destiny; the great masters of the lyre have invested sensuality with the robe and diadem of virtue; but it is wisely ordained by Providence, that they shall forfeit permanent and enviable fame, while they thus abuse their trust. The only glory to be won by such unholy means is poor and perishable; it cannot strike its roots deep, and spread forth its giant arms, so as to resist the waste and storms of centuries. The writer, who expects the future generations to rise up and call him blessed, who would add his name to those of the great benefactors of mankind, whose memoirs shall not fail, *must inscribe it on the rock of ages*. These are truths, which woman is in far less danger of forgetting, than man, from whose memory the pride of intellect or the hope of applause, so frequently obliterates them."

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for the present month, under the joint auspices of PARK BENJAMIN and CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, has been put into our hands by one of our book-selling friends for a notice. We regret that our time does not admit of our perusing each article in course. We can, for the present, merely say that it appears to be well sustained, and that its typographical execution is uncommonly neat. To speak otherwise of any work coming from the press of Mr. George Dearborn, of New York, would be downright injustice. He is doing wonders in improving the style of printing. From the Prospectus of the present volume, which commences with this number, we extract the following, in relation to the design of the Editors:—

"This Magazine will contain Original Papers, Reviews of the latest works, Literary Intelligence, and notices of Science and the Arts. No exertions will be spared to render the work truly American, and in all respects worthy the patronage of the American public. Assuming the cause of no political party, it will present free discussions and essays on topics of national importance. Awarding to the institutions of other countries their just praise, it will defend and maintain the peculiar excellency of those principles which are the glory of American citizens. Without further preamble we leave the Journal to speak for itself."

So much for the Editors' promise;—now for a word or two from the publishers, Messrs. E. R. Broaders and George Dearborn, on their part. They say

"The charge has been made, and often repeated, that either there is not talent enough in the country, *of the right kind*, to make our Monthly Magazines compete in any degree with foreign ones, or that such talent, if it exist, cannot be brought into requisition—and farther, if it could, there is lack of patronage: and it has even been gravely alleged, that it is with our Magazines as it once was with American Books—they must receive the European stamp of approbation before they can become of current value.

"The Publishers can confidently state that the arrangements of the Proprietors are such as to render the American Monthly all that native talent can make it—believing it will meet with a corresponding patronage—and so test the truth or falsehood of the charges referred to."

Promises like these, coming from such men as the Editors and Publishers of this Magazine may be confidently relied on. We are satisfied that they will make their periodical highly acceptable to the literary community, and we wish them lots of success. To close, we will grace our pages with the following gem, which we find in the present number.

PARTING OF THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE time had come. The stern clock struck the hour.
Each long-loved haunt had shared her mute farewell,—
The vine-wrapt walk, the hillock's tufted crown,—
The nurtured plants that in the casement smiled
Had drank a blessing from her loving eye
For the last time. But now the climax came.
And so she rose, and with a fond embrace
Folded her gentle sister, who had been
A second self, ere from her cradle-dream,
And hung about her brother's neck, as one
Who 'neath the weight of love's remembrances
Doth look on language as a broken thing.
Methought she lingered long, as if to gain
Respite from some more dreaded pang, that frowned
Appalling, though unfelt. For near her side,
With eye close following, where her darling moved,
Her widowed mother stood. And so, she laid
Her head on that dear breast, where every pain
Of infancy was soothed. And there arose
One wild, deep sob of weeping, such as breaks
Upon the ear of Death, when he hath torn
The nerve fast rooted in the fount of life.
—'Tis o'er. The bitterness is past. Young bride!
No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip,
Till the last ice-cup cometh.

Then she turned
To him who was to be sole shelterer now,—
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upward, whence her strength did come,—
And with a steadfast step paced forth to take
Her life-long portion, in a heathen clime.
—Oh Love and Faith!—twin-centinels, who guard
One this drear world and one the gate of heaven,—
How glorious are ye, when in woman's heart
Ye make that trembling hold invincible
Ye both were there,—and so she past away
A tearful victor.

Yet to me it seemed,
Thus in the flush of youth and health, to take
Death's parting was a strange, unnatural thing;
And that the lofty martyr, who doth yield
His body to the fire's fierce alchymy
But one brief hour, hath lighter claim on heaven
For high endurance, than the tender bride
Who from her mother's bosom lifts her head
To 'bide the buffet of a pagan clime,
And rear babes beneath the bamboo thatch,
Bearing the sorrow of her woman's lot,
Perchance, for many years.

Thus must it seem
To the trim worldling, in the broad green way
Loitering and careless where that way may lead,
And prizing more the senses than the soul.
Heart! is it thus with thee? Go pour thyself
In penitence to Him, who heeded not
The cross on Calvary,—so the lost might live.
Look to thine own slack service,—meted out
And fashioned at thine ease,—and let the zeal
Which nerved the parting of that fair young bride,
Be as a probe to search thy dead content.

LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, *conducted by* LEONARD WOODS, JUN'R,
Professor of Biblical Literature in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me.

Messrs. DUREN & THATCHER have issued a Prospectus for the third volume of this Journal, which is now published quarterly at New York, but will, from and after the first day of March next, be issued simultaneously at New York and Bangor. They say that 'a portion of each number will be devoted to the interests of the Theological Seminary in this place, and to the general interests of religion and education in this State.' The work has been published, as it will be seen, for two years. As we have never read an article in this Review,—the last confession of the kind we shall suffer ourselves to be able to make,—we cannot, of course, express any opinion, farther than that we think the reputation of Mr. Woods, and the new arrangements which are being made, will ensure a liberal support.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY, *by* SILAS JONES. 1 vol. 12 mo. Boston. Russell, Shattuck, & Williams. 1836.

Ever since we listened with so much pleasure to the highly interesting and instructive lectures of Mr. Jones, and heard of his intention to publish a Manual of Phrenology, we have looked with much interest for its appearance. The promised volume has at length been given to the public, and we must say that our most sanguine anticipations have been realized. The experience of Mr. Jones, since he commenced lecturing, has afforded him a great opportunity of collecting facts of an important bearing upon the subject so dear to his heart. A large number of these have been embodied in the present work, which adds much to its interest, and cannot fail of carrying a conviction of the truth of the Science to every unprejudiced mind. Cuts of the heads of several distinguished Americans are introduced into this volume, among which are those of Washington, Franklin, and Chief Justice Marshall. We hope that this work will have an extensive circulation, calculated as it is to convey to every mind a clear and comprehensive view of the Science.

ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE: *by* FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D., *President of Brown University, and Professor of Moral Philosophy. Abridged and adapted to the use of Schools and Academies, by the Author.* 1 vol. 18 mo. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln.

In April last, Mr. Wayland published his 'Elements' in the octavo form, of which this is an abridgement. In his preface to the former, he stated the circumstances which induced him to undertake the work. He observes that when he commenced his duties as Professor of Moral Philosophy, the work then used was that of Dr. Paley. Dissenting from many of his principles, he deemed it his duty to state to his pupils his objections, as occasion required. Afterwards these views were reduced to writing, and delivered as lectures. In pursuing his labors, he found that these lectures in a few years contained the elements of a different system from that of the text book he had used. He accordingly relinquished Dr. Paley's work, and instructed for some considerable time by lectures alone. Being successful in this attempt, it occurred to him that it would be beneficial to the cause of moral

science to publish these lectures in a permanent form. Such was the origin of the work.

The success attending the octavo edition led him to abridge it for the use of Schools and Academies. It has been rewritten as well as abridged. The style is simplified, and the whole adapted to the comprehension of the young. It is an excellent work, and we hope that this edition will be extensively adopted in our institutions. Its moral influence cannot but be great, and may its illustrious author experience the felicity of knowing that his most sanguine anticipations will be realized.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'*Horse Shoe Robinson*,' by J. P. Kennedy, Esq., has reached a *third* edition—a circumstance which speaks well for American talent and American liberality.

'*The American in England*,' by Lieut. Slidell, author of '*A Year in Spain*,' has just been published by the Messrs. Harper.

Dr. Channing's work on *Slavery*, has had a great run, three thousand copies having been sold within three weeks after its publication. A '*Reply*' has come out, and has had almost an equal circulation.

'*The Partisan*,' by W. G. Simms, Esq., and '*Paul Ulric*,' by Morris Matson, have come to hand since our last. Also '*Poems*,' by Mrs. E. F. Ellet.

Burton's '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' the first American edition, is now in press. Also, '*American Oratory*,' comprising the Speeches of Fisher Ames, Patrick Henry, &c.

E. Lytton Bulwer has a new romance, called '*Rienza, the last of the Tribunes*,' forthcoming in London.

Carey's Library has in its last number, a new novel, entitled '*One in a thousand, or the Days of Henry Quatre*,' by G. R. P. James, which was to be published simultaneously at Philadelphia and London.

In our last we announced that William D. Gallagher Esq. had retired from the editorial chair of the *Buckeye*. We now have the pleasure of announcing his return, and must express a wish that he will 'stay put.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. We congratulate our subscribers on the prospect before us of obtaining good contributors. With such correspondents as Lieut. Pat-ten,—B. B. T.—T.—J. B. and others, who have contributed to the present number, we must '*go ahead*.' There are yet others who, we are satisfied, will be acceptable to our readers, whose assistance we are daily expecting. We shall exert ourselves to please, and we hope to receive a corresponding patronage. It would be more convenient, for various reasons, to receive contributions intended for the Magazine, on or about the fifteenth of each month, immediately after the number for that month is issued. '*Franklin*' is inadmissible. '*B.*' is received and shall have a place in our next.

The letter of '*W. J. S.*' has been received, since our last number was issued. He will please to accept our thanks for the *will*, and has our best wishes for the recovery of his health. When circumstances will admit, we hope to receive some favor from his pen.

